

# SPAWN



Capullo

Spinn  
04

134



DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# A THOUSAND CLOWNS

## PART ONE

DEDICATED TO  
RICK BENATTAR

**PLOT**  
TODD McFARLANE  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**STORY**  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**PENCILS**  
ANGEL MEDINA

**INKS**  
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SPAWN CREATED BY  
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### SPAWN 133 SUMMARY

Spawn can feel something is not right. While he knows that Jason Wynn has been taken out of the picture, something far more dangerous has been lurking in the shadows, hiding just out of his view. Two street punks witness firsthand the return of the Violator. One doesn't live to tell about it, the second punk becomes the Clown's sidekick, helping the Clown make what was formerly Spawn Alley a little more comfortable. And Nyx comes face to face with a man who has more influence in the depths of hell than most people have been led to believe-Mammon.



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS



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TWELVE  
YEARS  
AGO.

YOU  
GUYS  
READY?

YEAH.



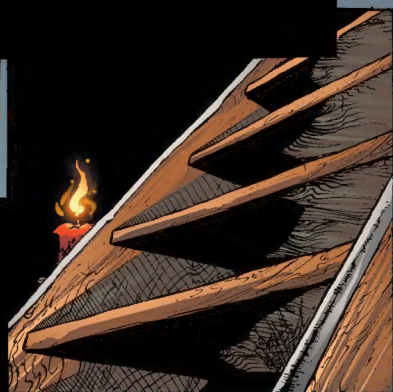
WHAT'S  
THE MATTER,  
THEA?  
SCARED?

SURE YOU  
WANT TO DO  
THIS?

NO.  
I JUST  
MEAN...  
WHAT ARE  
WE LOOKING  
FOR? WHAT  
ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
ASK IT?

MAYBE  
WE SHOULD  
ASK IF *CARI*  
WILL EVER  
GET HER  
BOOBS.

FUN-NEE,  
LILY.  
GIVE ME  
THAT.



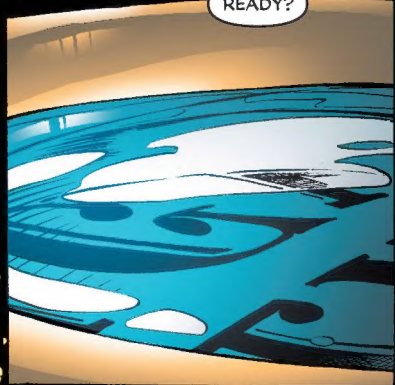
NOW  
REMEMBER,  
EVERYONE STAY  
FOCUSED. AND  
DON'T TRY TO  
FORCE IT. LET  
IT MOVE BY  
ITSELF.

THEA,  
IF YOU GET  
SCARED,  
JUST TELL  
US. WE'LL ALL  
LET GO AT  
ONCE.

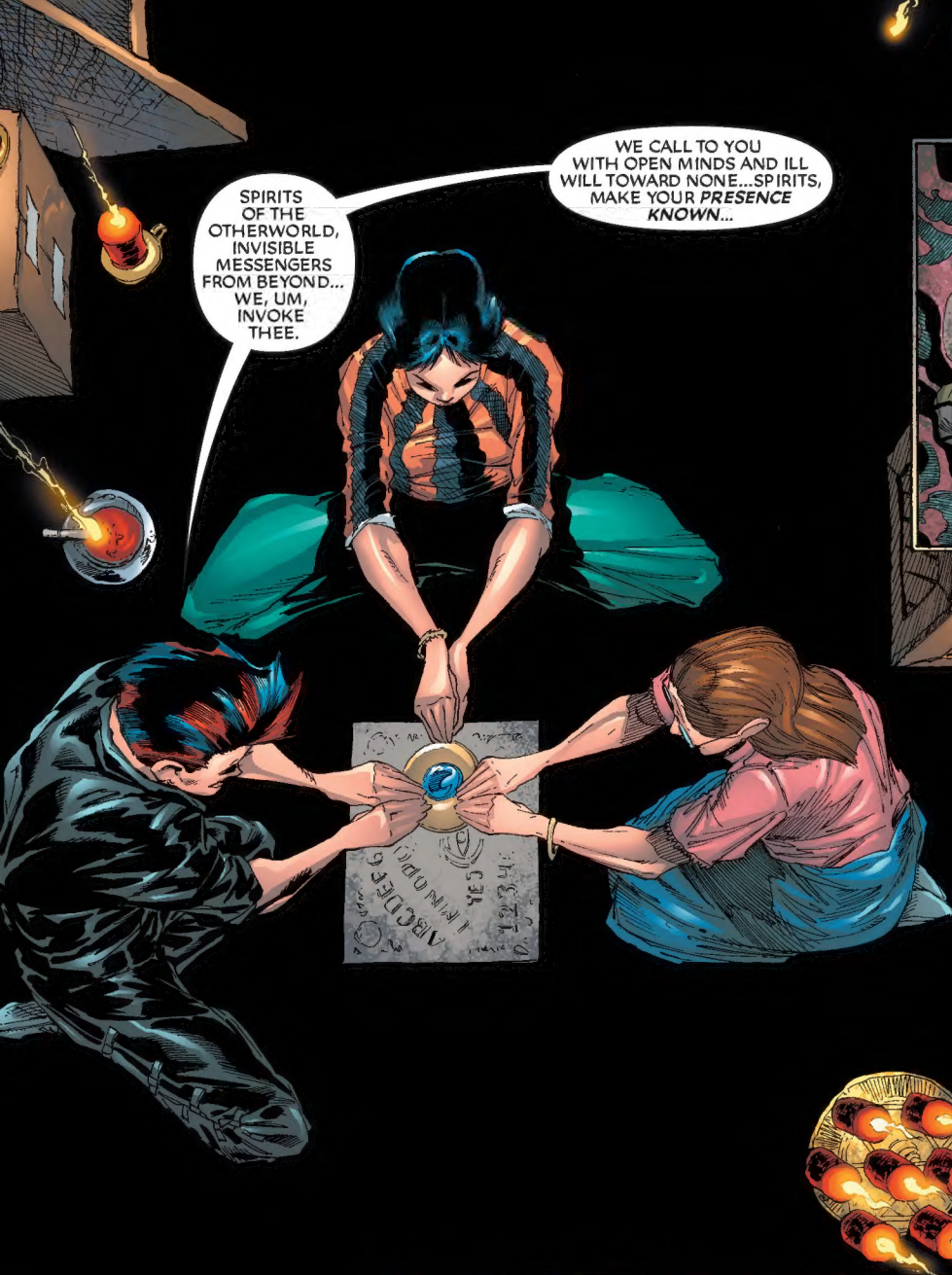
PROMISE?

PROMISE.

READY?







SPIRITS OF THE OTHERWORLD, INVISIBLE MESSENGERS FROM BEYOND... WE, UM, INVOKE THEE.

WE CALL TO YOU WITH OPEN MINDS AND I'LL WILL TOWARD NONE...SPIRITS, MAKE YOUR PRESENCE KNOWN...



GOD, LOOK AT US. WE WERE SO YOUNG.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

HEY, JUST SOME OLD PICTURES.

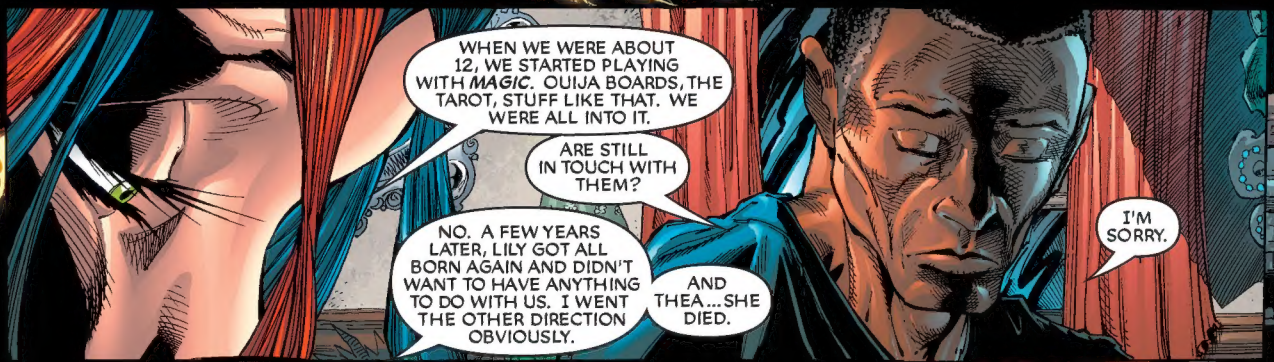


WOW. IS THAT YOU?

YEAH. ME, LILY AND THEA. WE WERE LIKE THE THREE MUSKETEERS GROWING UP. SLUMBER PARTIES, BIRTHDAYS, TIGER BEAT... ALL THAT GIRLIE STUFF.



CUTE.



WHEN WE WERE ABOUT 12, WE STARTED PLAYING WITH MAGIC. OUIJA BOARDS, THE TAROT, STUFF LIKE THAT. WE WERE ALL INTO IT.

ARE STILL IN TOUCH WITH THEM?

NO. A FEW YEARS LATER, LILY GOT ALL BORN AGAIN AND DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH US. I WENT THE OTHER DIRECTION OBVIOUSLY.

AND THEA... SHE DIED.

I'M SORRY.



"SHE SAW SOMETHING THE REST OF US COULDN'T. SHE KIND OF WENT CRAZY, I GUESS."

"SHE THOUGHT DEATH WAS STALKING HER."





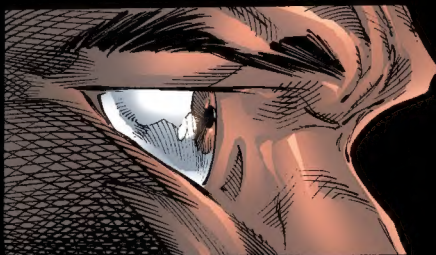
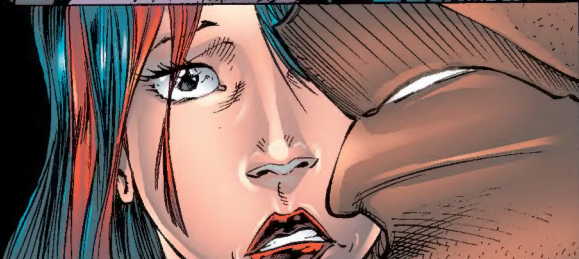
I HAD  
A DREAM  
ABOUT  
HER LAST  
NIGHT.

A  
GOOD  
ONE?

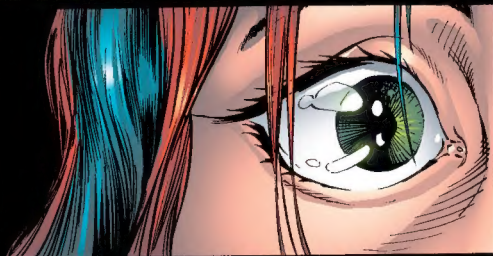
NO.  
THE  
OTHER  
KIND.

IT'S JUST  
A DREAM.  
DON'T LET IT  
BOTHER  
YOU.

AL...  
WHAT'S  
HELL  
LIKE?



AL.



I CAN'T  
TELL YOU.  
I MEAN THERE'S  
NO WORDS.  
THERE'S NOTHING...  
THERE'S NO FRAME  
OF REFERENCE  
FOR IT.

WHATEVER  
YOU'VE HEARD,  
WHATEVER YOU  
THINK, IT DOESN'T  
**BEGIN** TO  
DESCRIBE IT.

PLEASE.  
I NEED TO  
KNOW.

I CAN'T  
TELL  
YOU...



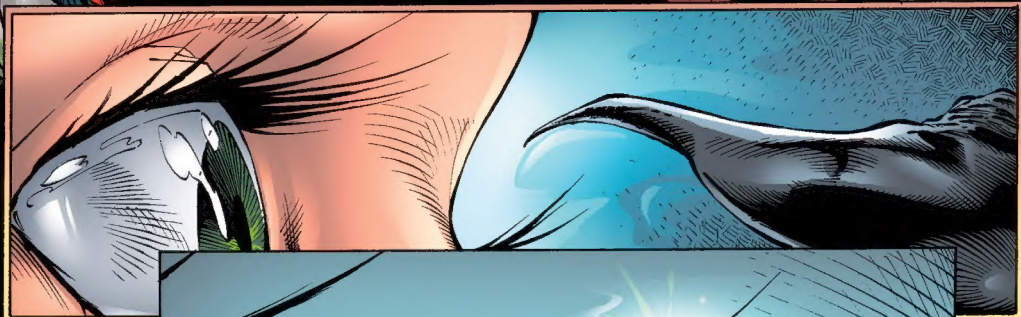


BUT  
I CAN  
SHOW  
YOU.

AL...?











AAAAH!  
NOOOO!  
NOOO!  
STOP IT!  
PLEASE!!!



OH  
GOD...  
IT CAN'T  
BE...

SO  
AWFUL...  
SO MUCH  
WORSE...

SO MUCH  
WORSE  
THAN I  
DREAMT.



I DIDN'T  
KNOW...  
I DIDN'T KNOW...  
I SHOULD  
NEVER HAVE  
ASKED...

I'M  
SORRY.

THAT'S  
JUST A TASTE.  
JUST THE MEREST  
SHADOW OF  
WHAT HELL IS  
LIKE.

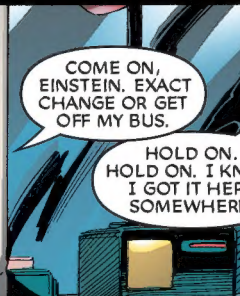






EXACT  
CHANGE,  
PLEASE.

HANG  
ON.



COME ON,  
EINSTEIN. EXACT  
CHANGE OR GET  
OFF MY BUS.

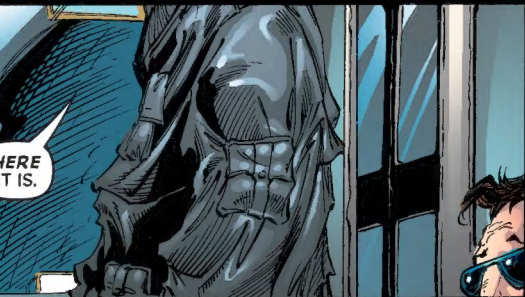
HOLD ON.  
HOLD ON. I KNOW  
I GOT IT HERE  
SOMEWHERE.



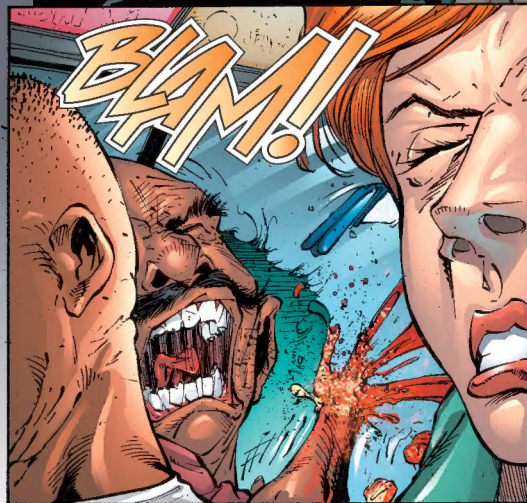
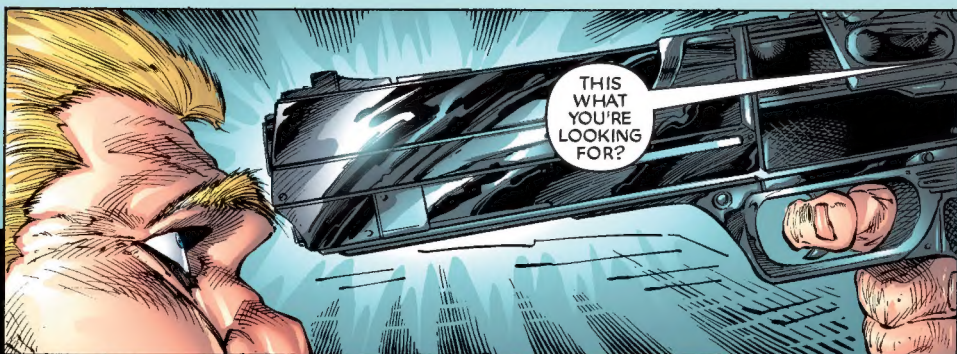
I DON'T  
GOT ALL DAY  
HERE.

NO.  
WAIT.  
I GOT  
IT.

HERE  
IT IS.









THERE'S BLOOD ON THE WIND TONIGHT. I PICK UP ITS SCENT LIKE A POLICE DOG.

BLOOD, CORDITE AND ADRENALINIZED SWEAT. IT SMELLS OF VIOLENCE AND MADNESS.

AND BEHIND IT ALL, THERE'S THE SICK, SADISTIC JOY OF SOMEONE WHO THINKS THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH SOMETHING.

THERE'S NO EFFORT EVEN TO MASK IT. IT REACHES OUT ACROSS THE HORIZON LIKE A DARE.

SOMEONE WANTS TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION.

IT SEEMS THE LANDSCAPE ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT'S FAMILIAR.

IT'S WHERE I USED TO LIVE.

THE TRAIL LEADS ME TO FAMILIAR TURF: THE ALLEYS.

A WARREN OF ABANDONED BUILDINGS AT THE SOUTH END OF THE BOWERY. AN URBAN LABYRINTH THAT SERVES AS A DUMPING GROUND FOR THE LOST AND HOPELESS.

A NAME FROM MY PAST HAS JUST RAISED ITS UGLY, MISSHAPEN HEAD.

CLOWN.

I THOUGHT I WAS THROUGH WITH YOU...









DON'T  
WORRY, FRIEND.  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF ROOM.  
EVERYONE'S  
INVITED.



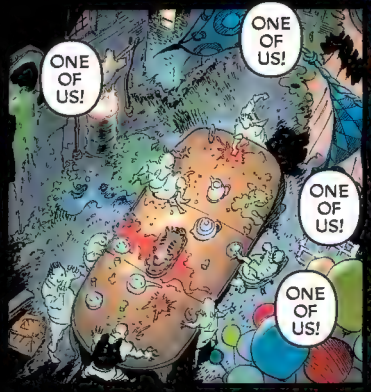
WELCOME  
TO THE  
SHOW.

LOOK ALIVE,  
BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS. WE HAVE  
A *GUEST* IN  
OUR MIDST.

WELCOME,  
FRIEND, TO OUR  
**HUMBLE DIVERSION!**  
PREPARE FOR THE  
**THRILL RIDE**  
OF YOUR  
**LIFE!**

WITNESS  
**STRANGE**  
CREATURES OF  
UNNATURAL AND  
UNGODLY ORIGINS!  
LAUGH TILL YOU CRY!  
CRY TILL YOU  
**SCREAM!**

NOW...  
LET THE  
**GREAT**  
WORK  
BEGIN!



ONE  
OF  
US!

ONE  
OF  
US!

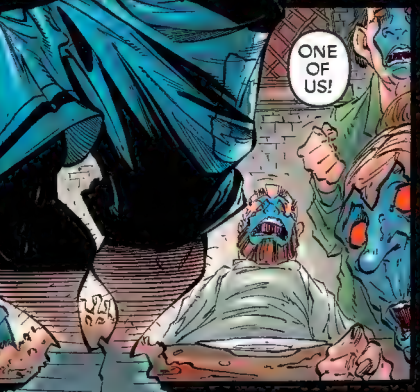
ONE  
OF  
US!

ONE  
OF  
US!



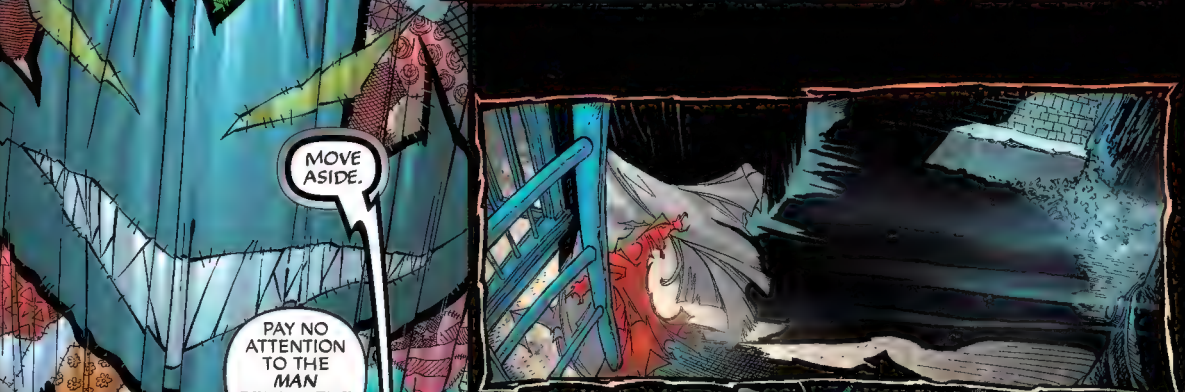
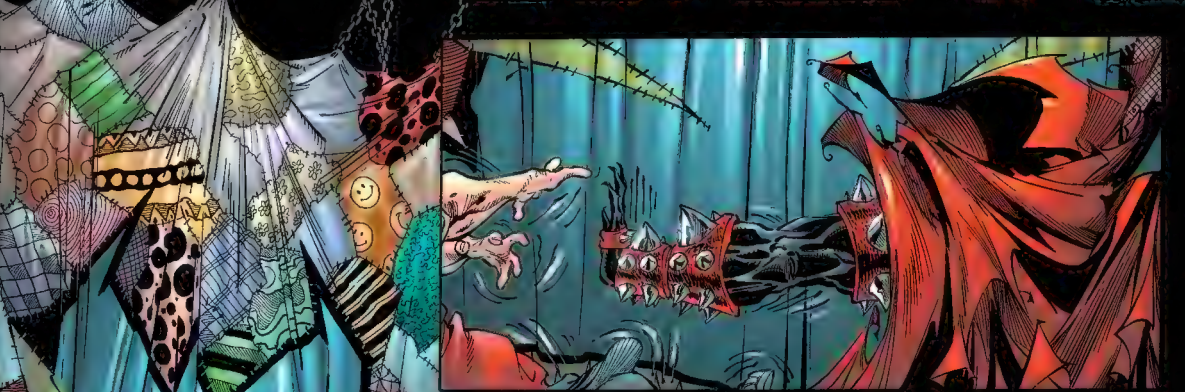
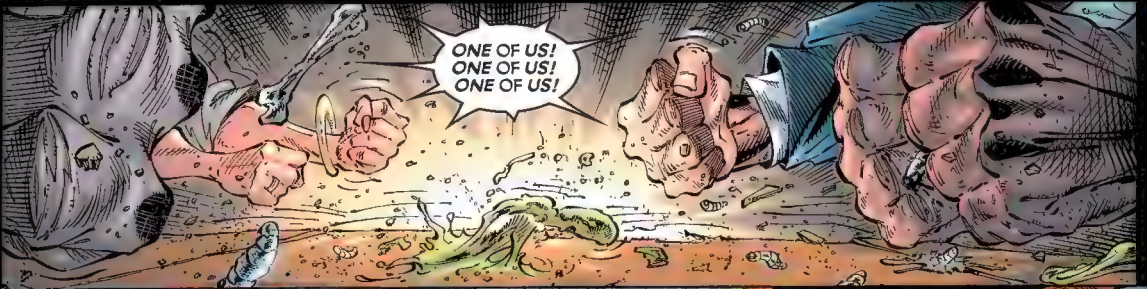
ONE  
OF  
US!

ONE  
OF  
US!



ONE  
OF  
US!







HELLO,  
GORGEOUS...

DID YOU  
**MISS**  
ME?











'CUZ I  
SURE  
MISSED  
THE HELL  
OUT OF  
**YOU!**

**GAH!**  
**K!**

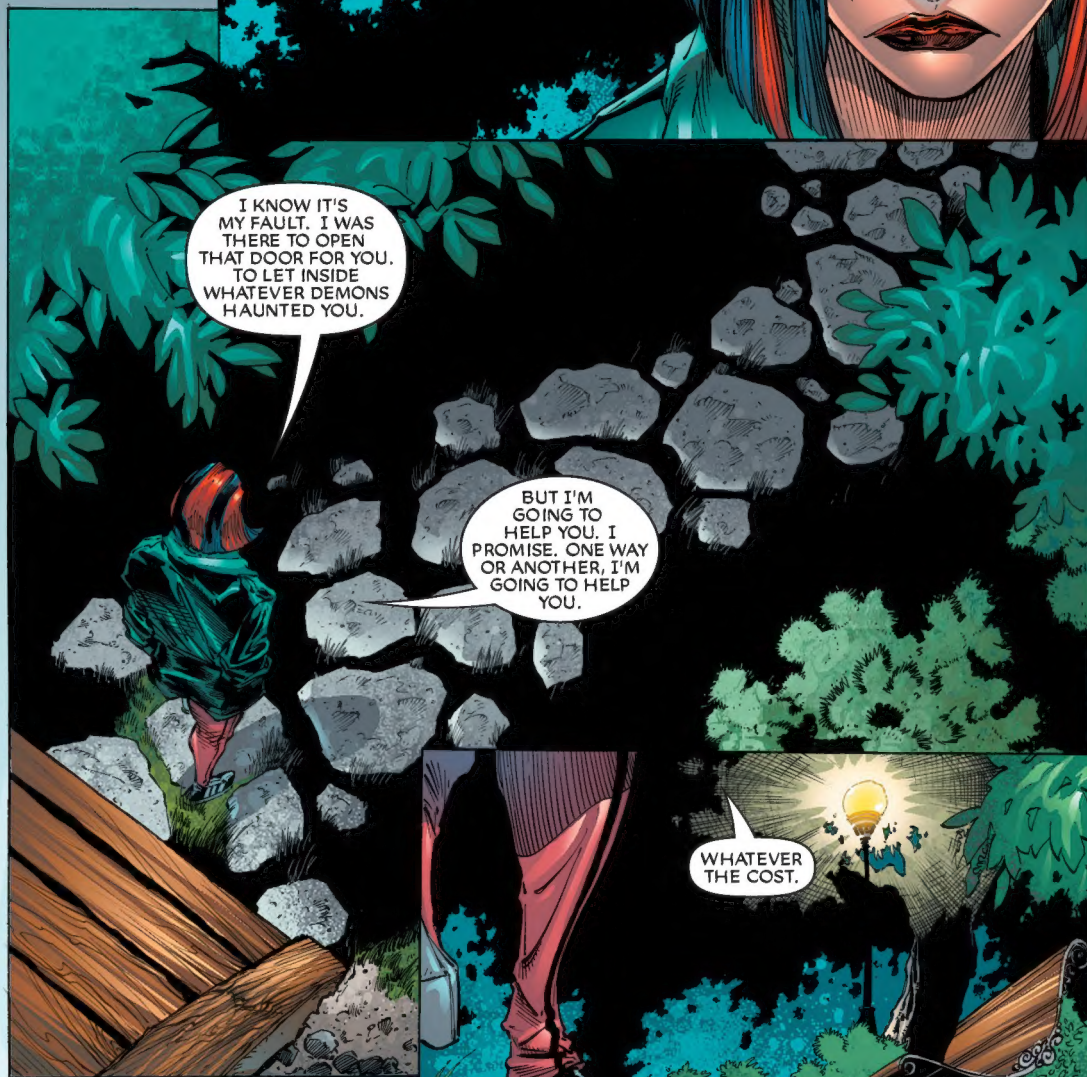








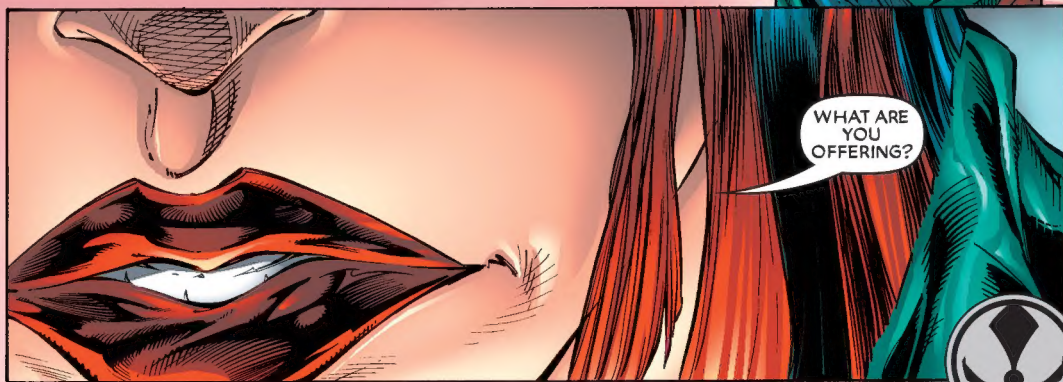
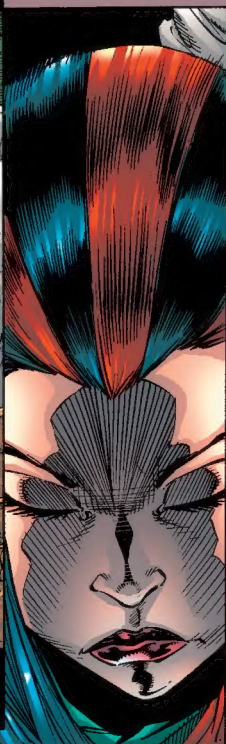
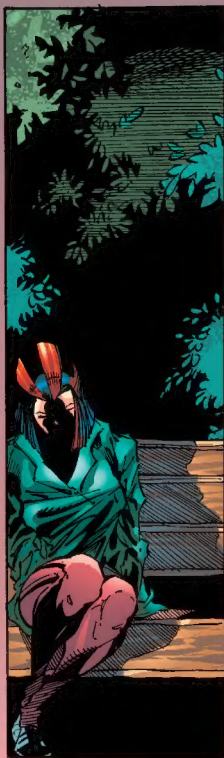
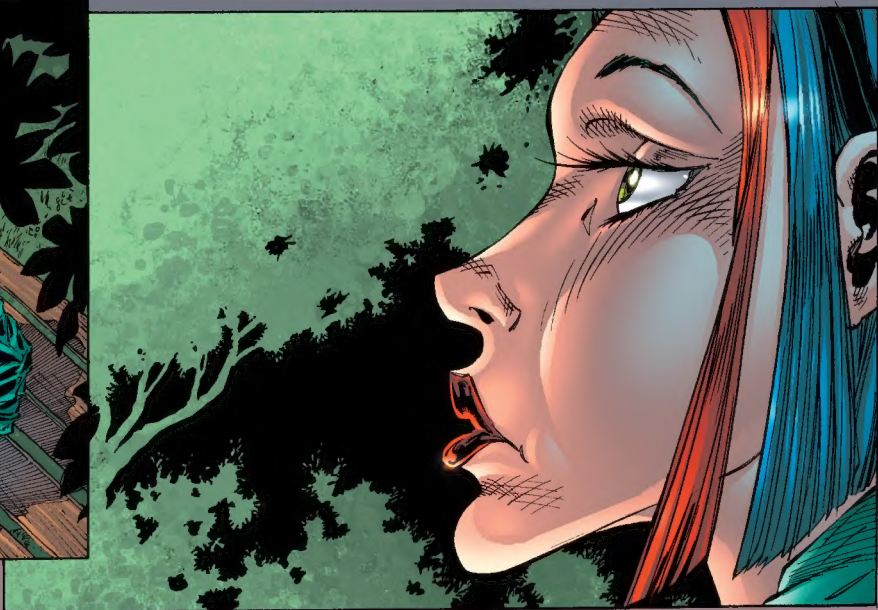
THEA,  
I'M SORRY. I  
DIDN'T KNOW.  
HOW COULD  
I KNOW?



BUT I'M  
GOING TO  
HELP YOU. I  
PROMISE. ONE WAY  
OR ANOTHER, I'M  
GOING TO HELP  
YOU.











Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE